

Ashland Park and Canyons

(By C. B. Watson.)

It is the month of July and the Chautauqua season in the city of "Ashland the Beautiful," now budding into one of the great—and to become famous—health and pleasure resorts of America. No other place is so richly endowed by nature.

In Ashland's parks are gathered hundreds of people, young and old—some chatting, some reading, some

and romantic nooks where sunshine is filtered through the variegated foliage, casting a sheen as from a gorgeous cathedral window. Here the maple, alder, yew, madrone, cedar and many other species of growth cover mossy mats of sloping banks, inviting repose.

A water Ousel dips into the spray for a moment, then perches on a rock in midstream and nods and jerks his little body as if making obeisance to his holiday visitors. A Douglas squirrel springs up like a little bundle of sunshine and muscle, and flashing his saucy tail in defiance, scampers up a fir tree and chatters and scolds at us from the branches. A covey of mountain quail, in top-knot and gaudy garb, flutter and are gone among the grasses. A mountain lily, queen of all mountain flora, nods above us and scatters her fragrance in reckless extravagance.

A little farther on we reach the "Shut-in," where high granite walls tower above us, leaving only room for the roadbed and, the stream, which plunges down a rocky defile

asp with its leaves a-quiver, maiden-hair ferns clinging to niches in the granite walls, vines clambering over boulders, squirrels chattering and scolding, and where the sun in lace-like films sifts and filters through dense foliage, filling my retreat with a sheen of subdued sunlight, modified and tinted with the greenery that half shuts out the sense of day. With pipe of love and lovers' reed

My muse comes to me singing, And planted round with goodly seed The hills with joy are ringing.

and higher still, filled with spirit of the mountains; up into God's brightest sunlight and purest breezes.

From everywhere comes to me a welcome borne on Nature's breath, sweetened with the odor of the woods, enlivened with the winging whirl of the bee, the flutter of the pheasant and quail. And now, I'm startled and stopped in my wildwood scurry by the crackling of brush, and behold! as if in kingly consciousness of form and grace, a sturdy buck with spreading antlers; a trim-limber

thousand years of life. He tells me he was a husky sapling fifty years old when our Savior was on earth. He watched the flame and smoke, heard the thunderous sounds and felt the earth beneath him shake when Vulcan lit his torch on Shasta and Mt. McLoughlin, that now look so beautiful, and white, and still in their mantles of snow. He tells me that he was a giant of the forest before any of the present nations of earth had grown great. He had commenced to grow old before Columbus discovered America, and had watched many generations of wild men come and go before civilization came to this hemisphere. He had long trembled in fear of the woodman's ax, but now blesses the day that made his habitat a forest reserve and hopes he may lay his bones among his ancestors in the orderly way of Nature.

But now I've finished my dream in this generous shade. With a blessing from the monarch, I pursue my journey toward the snowbanks. I follow the pine-clad ridge, looking ever and anon into the depths on either hand, or upward where Siskiyou's crags are banked with snow.

On summits grand and lofty, And shining peaks where'er I go Reflect the sunlight softly.

river that make the valleys blossom. Here are the forests that supply man's multitudinous wants in commerce and trade. Here is a sanatorium for the sick and God's great paradox, an oratorio in silence.

Here from this lofty summit I view a wonderful panorama. To me comes a feeling of reverence and peace and the "small still voice" thrills me. Here is a great entertainment where the earth, the air and sky are the stage settings, the clouds are the curtains, and the music of stillness a divine revelation. My sensibilities are all awake, yet my inner conscious-



CHIEF R. C. PORTER

Chief of police of the city and a terror to evildoers in southern Oregon.

sleeping away a half holiday, but all free from care, the while.

Through this beautiful park runs Ashland creek, which has its birth in the snow banks of Mt. Ashland, ten miles away and 8,000 feet high. Looking upstream we catch glimpses of the distant snow banks and are impelled toward them. Everywhere we see the stream heavy foliage, laughing, leaping, singing or resting in a pellucid pool, joyous in reflecting in detail the decorative borders that surround it, then rushing away again for a moment's flash and sparkle in the sunlight.

After half a mile the valley be-



CLARENCE ATTERBURY

Assistant policeman. His courteous manner and unswerving attention to duty have won for him a high place among citizens.

comes a canyon. The mountains come closer in, as though to hear more distinctly the musical message brought by the rushing stream from the distant snow banks. Our road following the sinuosity of the stream, makes a turn about a jutting point, and we are under "Hanging Rock," a massive granite boulder perched above the roadway. Turning, we enter the grateful shade of maple and alder. Just below a couple of bare-foot boys are angling for trout, and nearby a joyous company are gathered about a picnic lunch. A little farther we pass Echo Rock, which at first startles the stranger with the thought that behind this granite palisade is another torrent. The mistake is discovered and a laugh indulged in at the joke perpetrated by the playful prank of the noisy stream. Every few rods are inviting



J. B. WARR

Councilman and a loyal, substantial citizen.



C. H. GILLETTE

Our obliging city recorder, who commences his second term the first of the year.

with a rush and roar, raising a spray that feeds the beautiful maiden-hair ferns and other clinging growths that find precarious footing on these rugged granite walls.

We follow the sinuosity of the stream for a mile farther and are at "The Falls." This is the limit of the City Park and entrance to the national forest reserve. No hunting is allowed, nor pasturing of stock in deference to the city of Ashland; for from this watershed its water supply is taken.

We are now well into the great and picturesque Siskiyou Mountains and only four miles from the city. Here the stream forks, one branch coming from Mt. Ashland and one from Mt. Wagner. The beautiful falls of the one and Cascades of the other, a few rods above the junction, with the dense shade, the splendid pools of crystal, ice-cold water, the



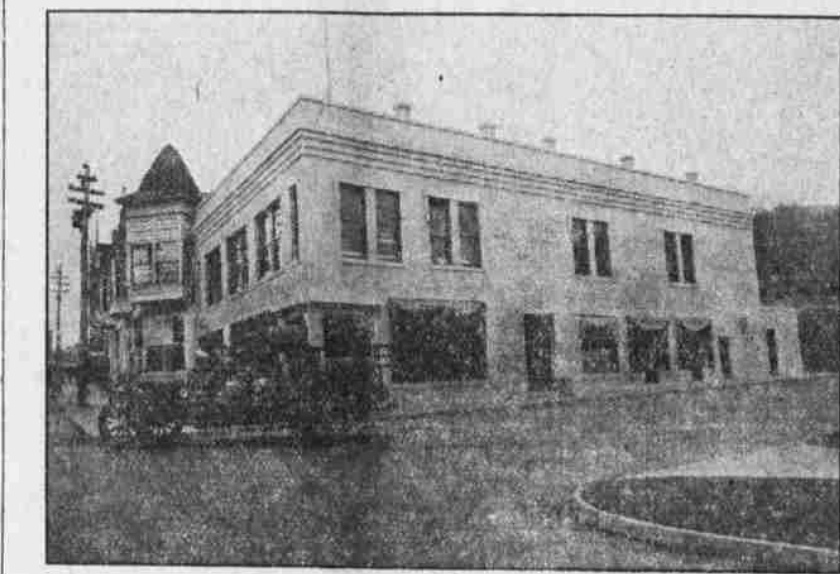
H. G. BUTTERFIELD

City electrical engineer, and owner of the Ashland Garage, a well-equipped place on Second street.

variety of foliage, the chattering of chipmunks and scolding of squirrels, the confusing mingle of fragrance of the varied foliage makes this an ideal spot for a summer's day picnic. The true nature lover here finds psychological enchantment, and abandonment to day dreaming in this unrivalled environment. These influences contribute the most valuable therapeutic aid to him who is physically weary or mentally sick.

I find in the depths of the canyon and forest a quiet peace. On a mossy bank beneath an yew tree's shade, beside a foaming mountain torrent, I stretch myself alone with Nature.

How cool and still it is and withal so joyously rollicking and noisily delightful. The stream leaps and laughs and plunges in the shadows of the gorge and overhanging branches, where grows the tiger lily, the dogwood, the maple, the quaking

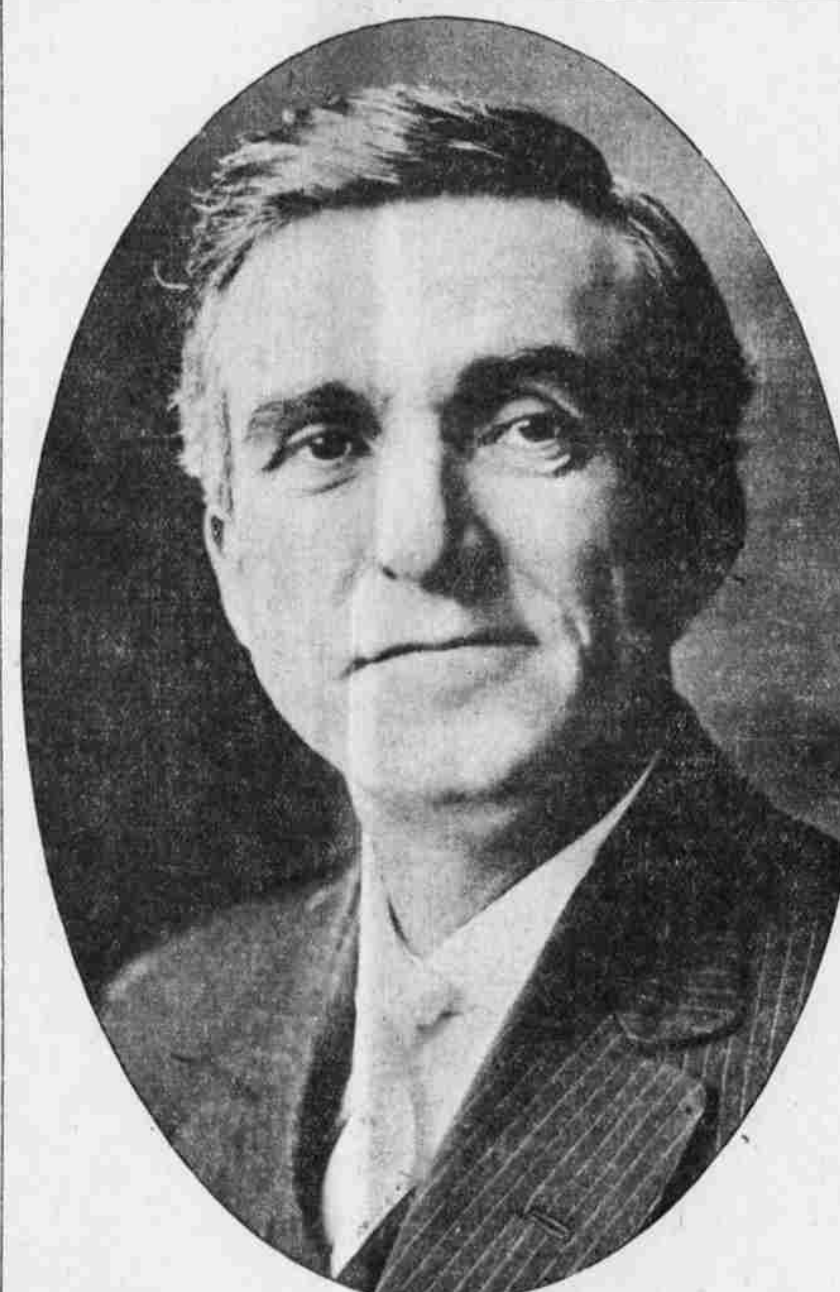


ASHLAND CITY HALL

In such a place what dreams may come? Here is music too. All chords may be heard in the restless stream from the softest touch to the deepest bass. The gentle lullaby tuned to the music the pine-tops make when stirred by a summer zephyr, mingle with the sunshine and shadow, until sound, color and the

doe at his side. But a moment they delight my eyes, then sounding his pipe of warning, they bound away; the forest closes about their receding forms and I see them no more.

On, still I clamber, only halting now and then for breath, or to view the prospect from some commanding point, or to drink in the glorious



O. H. JOHNSON, MAYOR OF ASHLAND

odor of flowers and blossoms blend into one harmonious whole, so delightfully conceived as to suggest a solemn cathedral, its altars and incense and drowsy Nature as a worshiper.

Bubbles break on the foaming stream. And scatter sifted pleasures, Throughout the realm of this fair dream.

This mystic realm of magic treasures.

But I'm up and on again through forest and shade, climbing higher

majesty of the forest. Stately pines and firs cheer me with their shade and spread their cast-off foliage a soft carpet for my feet. All nature seems in a social mood, and though alone I am blest with the best of company. I stop and chat with a giant pine of mighty girth and imposing height. The soft breezes stir his branches and through his luxurious foliage he sings to me a song of welcome. I drop onto the soft bed he has spread for me, and turning my face upward listen to his story of two



LOUIS WERTH

A well-known farmer and stock raiser. He is a member of the common council of the city.



P. L. ASHCRAFT

Recently elected to succeed himself as councilman from the second ward.



W. J. MOORE

City attorney for Ashland. Came here from Lakeview several years ago and has been in active practice of law ever since.

The winds in the tree tops sing to me gently and the sound of rushing water comes to me from below. Now and then I climb a nearby cliff overlooking great depths or majestic heights and watch the spots of sunshine and cloud shadows chasing each other in and out, among the giant pines and firs, picturing alternately with light and shade the hoary heads of these grandest monuments of God. Up and on, again and again, until I stand on the summit of Mt. Ashland eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, in a rarified air and the purest sunlight; snow and silence all about me and more than a thousand square miles of mountains and valleys in view. Mountain billow succeeding mountain billow to the horizon's brink in every direction. Shasta and McLoughlin, Union Peak, Mt. Thielsen, the great cliffs that



C. W. FRALEY

Street commissioner. Well-kept streets are most vital to making an Ashland-beautiful, and Mr. Fraley has certainly made a fine showing.

form the framework about Crater Lake, and the Three Sisters can all be seen. California and Oregon lie at my feet. Away below me lie Shasta Valley in California and Rogue River Valley in Oregon, shimmering in the silvery sheen of a summer's heat, indebted for their fertility and beauty to the snow banks at the mountain tops. At the northern foot of this mighty solpe nestles the little city of Ashland and beyond it rises Grizzly Mountain with its ancient records.

One cannot conceive of the munificence of the bounties of Providence until he has gone into his great storehouse with his soul tuned to the environment. In the depths of these massive piles Nature's hoards of minerals are kept; from hence go leaping and sparkling the rill, rivulet and



GEORGE M. ROBISON

Chief of the Ashland fire department. His competency has been shown at conflagrations in the past.

ness is bathed in a subtle something which seems to be independent of the senses and I am reminded of John Fisk's book, "Through Nature to God." My music again whispers reverently,

To know of God, draw near to Nature. Her truths are the keys to every soul.

To see in Nature's every feature, Love's limpid, laughing, flowing bowl,

Is but to feel that God still liveth And all around are parts of Him. To him that loves, the Master giveth. A bowl that's filled beyond the brim,



PERCY P. GRISEZ

Efficient driver of the city auto truck and always on duty when the fire alarm rings.

In these deep solitudes the spirit of the mountain is ever about us. It whispers in the blue sky, scintillates and sparkles in the witcheries of the night; it calls from the depths of the forest; gurgles and sings in the laughing waters; it thunders from the heights and ever invites imagination to wander in subterranean caverns, and to tell of the things it sees and hears.

Again I return to the monarch pine and stretch my weary frame for delicious repose. As I lie listlessly beneath the generous shade and give myself unreservedly to the subtle influences that environ me, I seem to become a part of the all-pervading spirit of these solitudes. By gentle

(Continued on Page Five.)



A. M. BEAVER

Member Beaver Realty Company. Reliable real estate and loan agent and a member of the city council.